

*Fals.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fals.* Their points being broken,

*Poines.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fal.* Began to giue me ground, but I followed me close, came in foot & hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid,

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen bukrom men grown out of two?

*Fal.* But as the diuell wold haue it, three mis-begottē knaues, in Kendall greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets the, grosse as a moultain, open palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch,

*Fal.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why how couldst thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What saist thou to this?

*Poines.* Come your reason lacke, your reason.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* He be no longer guiltie of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-preiser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fal.* Zbloud you staruling, you elskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzell, you stock-fish: O for breath to vtter what is like thee; you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base cōparisons, hear me speak but thus.

*Poyn.* Marke, *lacke*.

*Prin.* We two, saw you foure, set on foure & bound them, & were masters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shal put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it you here in the house: and *Falsalfe*, you can way as nimble, with as quick dexterity, & roar still run and roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. Why to hack thy sword as thou hast done, & then what tricke? what deuce? what starting hold find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant?

*Poyn.* Come lets heare *lacke*, what tricke hast thou?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew yee as well as he. Why heare you my maisters, was it for mee, apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware on will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a was a Coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and Prince: but, by the Lord Lads, I am glad you Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall bee, the

*Fal.* A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou louest me

*Hof.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now my Lady the Hostesse, what is it?

*Hof.* Marry, my L. there is a Noble man of the

would speake with you: he sayes he comes from

*Prin.* Giue him as much as will make him a R

send him backe againe to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Hof.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grautie out of his Bed at m

giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee doe *lacke*.

*Fal.* Fayth, and I send him packing.

*Prin.* Now sirs: birlady you fought faire, so did you *Randolfe*, you are Lyons too, you ran away you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.